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The Territory's first and only Gallipoli prisoner

By Judy Boland

2015 marks the centenary of the Gallipoli campaign, and 8th August marks the centenary of the capture of the first and only Territorian during that campaign.

Pte Beattie, known as Jack to his friends, had been employed as a Ganger by the Commonwealth Railways in Darwin. On 4th March 1915 Jack Beattie left Darwin per SS *Taiyuen* to volunteer. Travelling with him were Neil Boyle, JT Johnson, LP Wetherby, RW Stirling, PC Reaby, CB Dickenson, Jas McDonald, G Classen, J Bradley.

On 8th August 1915, Private John Beattie No 1827, 15th Battalion Australian Infantry Forces, was captured during the attack on Hill 971.

The following is the first part of Beattie's Repatriation Interview given to Australian Headquarters Staff, at Alexandria Egypt on 6th November 1918, after he was released by the Turks at the cessation of hostilities. It details the circumstances around his capture and his removal from the Gallipoli Peninsula. Further episodes in his life as a PoW in Turkey will be covered in future editions of *The Progenitor*.

During his time overseas both before and after capture, Beattie corresponded with friends in Darwin who arranged for his letters to be published in the Northern Territory Times and Gazette.

"I was captured on August 8th 1915, during the attack on Hill 971.

The attack began on the night of August 6th and continued all night; after resting during the day, the attack was carried on the next night. The next morning, just before daybreak, we reached the base of the hill and advanced up the slope, which was covered with holly bush and scrub about waist high, No 2 Company in front. The order was bayonet only to be used, rifles not to be loaded.

The Turks met with appeared to be in scattered groups who poured heavy fire into us as we advanced. Being fairly dark, the tactics of the Turks appeared to be rapid fire into us for a minute or so when we reached within about 100 yards of them, and then under cover of darkness and the scrub, to break away and reform higher up. A few men were shot by these volleys, but not many, the Turks generally shooting high.

As daylight came, we could see the Turks scattered about in front of us, they appeared to be forming up and preparing to make a stand, closing together and firing at us from behind the scrub.

It was now light enough to see to shoot, and loading our rifles we returned fire, advancing at the same time, the enemy being about 300 yards away up the hill.

Behind the Turks the ground sloped away rather steeply to the gully below; after a bit the enemy broke up and scattered, and lining the ridge we picked off what few were left as they made off down the slope. I noticed that there was a road at the bottom and a few bush shelters; there were also a few Turks under the cover of the bushes who returned fire. Looking around at this time I noticed that some of the 14th battalion had joined us.

The Turks has a battery of guns out of sight, on the hill opposite, and they now started to use them. They formed a barrage behind us, cutting us off, and gradually shortening the range, they last of all shelled us. We had been fighting all the time and had had no time for digging trenches or making cover. We now took what cover we could behind the stones or in hollows in the ground. Some men tried to break away, only to be shot as soon as they raised themselves.

Sometime after the Turks slackened fire a bit, creeping along on the shelter of the scrub, I tried to find if there was anyone else about. Finding nobody but a few dead, I began to work my way down the hill towards where I heard the firing.

While taking shelter behind a boulder from shrapnel, a shell case, ricocheting along the ground struck my left foot. It bent the sole of my boot and crushed my foot enough to burst the skin between the toes. While trying to get my boot off, the Turks turned a machine gun onto me, having seen me moving about, stopping the shrapnel at the same time, and compelling me to make myself small behind cover again.

After a bit I heard rifle fire, and cries of "Allah, Allah", on my right. At first I thought it was our troops attacking the Turks. The shouts and firing came nearer and the machine gun which had been playing on me, stopped. Glancing over the bushes I saw a line of Turks advancing slowly and firing occasionally into the bushes in front of them as they came on. It was a party of skirmishers out to finish what the shrapnel and machine gun had not done.

I only saw about a dozen near me, but I could hear firing further along, so I suppose there was a line of them scattered down the hill side. At the same time they saw me and worked their way towards me. Kneeling down I fired among them and then dropped down to charge my magazine. While charging it a bullet struck a stone and splintered, some of the pieces knocking skin off the fingers of my right hand. Just after I heard someone moving in the bushes to the right of me, a Turk was trying to creep on to me from the flank. Having loaded my rifle I kneeled up and turned to the right; there was a Turk about 10 yards away.

Both of us rather excited, we both fired together and both missed. As quickly as I could, I re-loaded and took aim again. Another Turk, to the left rear of the first Turk fired and hit me in the left shoulder, knocking me down. Before I could recover, the near Turk was standing over me. A couple more Turks now coming up, one of them took away my rifle and the other motioned for me to stand up. He was a sergeant and after feeling me over for concealed weapons, told me to sit down.

Throwing off my equipment, I then took off my boot and bandaged my foot, using the field service bandage; while doing this the Turks got hold of my rations out of my haversack. The biscuits they ate, the sergeant got the tea and sugar and someone else claimed the bully. There were eight Turks in the party and the biscuits they shared between them. I seemed to be the only one of our party who had lined the ridge, left alive.

The sergeant then went through my pockets; my pay-book and letters he gave back to me, but two picture post cards of Egypt and my pocket knife he kept. Of the two packets of cigarettes I had, he gave his soldiers a cigarette each and gave back what was left. A small pocket in my trousers he overlooked; it contained an English pound note. I now had a drink from my water bottle and thinking it the safest plan, kept hold of it; some of the Turks having no water bottles were using glass bottles instead, beer bottles with wire stoppers being the sort mostly used.

A few of the Turks had pairs of British ammunition boots slung across their shoulders or tied to their belts, probably taken from the dead; one of them took off his old Turkish boots while the sergeant was trying to talk to me. All that I could pick out was that I would probably go to Stamboul. After a bit, telling off one of his men, he told me to go with him, and taking the rest of them, he went off to rejoin the main body.

The Turk keeping close behind me, we started climbing down the slope, down which the Turks had tried to get away; a few stretcher bearers and orderlies of the Turkish Red Crescent were moving about below. To these my escort shouted and one of them came up the slope to meet us. When he reached us they talked together for a bit, then my escort asked me for a drink; unthinkingly I handed him my bottle, when after taking a drink he climbed back up the hill, taking the bottle with him. When we reached the bottom of the hill, the orderly being escort, I noticed that the bough sheds were used as stables.

Here a fresh escort was found. He was an easy going middle aged man; across his shoulders he had three pairs of English boots, two haversacks, two Lee-Enfield rifles and his own Martini. Turning up the road with him, about a quarter of a mile up, we came to a dressing station. Here I had my wounds bandaged, the orderly seeing that I couldn't get my left boot on, cut away all the leather from the toe part, I only had to slip my heel in then, fasten

the laces, and all was right. It was better than hopping about on a bare heel. I picked up a companion here; he was shot through the body, just below the chest, he seemed to be in a bad way and had to stop every hundred yards or so to rest.

Going fairly easy, helping him along, in about half an hour's time we reached an officer's tent; here we rested and had a drink of water. Moving on half an hour later we reached a receiving station. Here my wounds were dressed again, and leaving my late companion I picked up another – McLean of the 14th Battalion.

We also got a change of escort; he seemed fairly easy going and carried no extra baggage, just plain fighting order. About two miles further on we had another rest; it was on the side of a crescent shaped hill. Below we could see dugouts and bush shelters among which a good few men were moving about.

Here we were searched by the officer in charge who could speak English, but after a quick glance through any books and letters we had, he gave us everything back again. While sitting in the shade of the tent some of the Turkish soldiers came around to have a look at us, they offered us cigarettes and tobacco and one or two offered us pieces of dried bread (Turkish ration biscuits) which we refused.

Moving on again, we followed a track across country; crossing a ridge some time later. I saw we were on top of a cliff close to the sea. Stopping for a minute, I had a look around; I could see Anzac Beach quite plainly, away on the right. The escort seemed to get worried and started shouting for me to hurry up when he saw me looking. Descending from the ridge we came to a gully between fairly high hills; following the gully along, our hats were taken off and given to us to carry, the escort making us understand that there were snipers in the hills on either side of us who might shoot us if we were wearing our hats.

Gradually the gully widened out and half an hour after entering it, we came to a camp of transport and had a rest by a spring of water, putting our hats on again. About a mile further on we came to a fair sized camp of tents and bush shelters, it seemed to be the Headquarters.

We were taken before an interpreter who looked like a German, and asked to answer a few questions; our names and regiments, and how long we had been soldiers. Then he asked us how many troops were on the peninsula - we didn't know; how many Australian troops were there- we couldn't tell him; had we many casualties, how many guns we had, were we well fed, had we plenty of water, plenty of clothes to wear. After questioning us for about a quarter of an hour he told the escort to take us away. He was the only German or Austrian I had seen with the Turkish forces.

From here we were taken before a Doctor who had a look at our wounds and dressed them again. A little further on, we entered a square made tent; a short, well fed, smiling individual in civilian clothes sat at a small table in the centre. He beckoned for us to be seated and gave us cigarettes; asking him for drink, he ordered his servant to bring us a glass of water. Whoever he was, he had a tent to himself and could afford to have the floor covered with thick Turkish carpets.

Our next stop was before the tent of a Lieutenant; he shouted something in Turkish, we took no notice. He then made motions for us to stand at attention, then he motioned us to straighten ourselves up. We straightened up, then he hit us across the fingers with his stick because we didn't hold them straight down in Turkish fashion. Leaving us standing to attention, he started talking to the escort; coming back he stood and looked at us again, stroking and curling his moustache – a habit he had – and then told the escort to take us away. The escort seemed as glad to get away as we were.

Leaving here, we came to a house, apparently used as an office; five or six Turks were moving about, one of whom could speak a little English. He asked us our names, and what we were, and gave us cigarettes and a cake of ration bread each; after about five minutes, we moved off again. Our next stop was under a tree by the roadside ten minutes later. Turkish soldiers passing, came and looked at us, some offered us cigarettes; we sat in the shade and smoked.

As far as I could see, the Turk seemed to make a good soldier; he could stand hardship, was cheery under difficulties and could stand and fight when he was needed to. The Turkish Army was badly off for clothes; many of the soldiers were wearing uniforms patched in several places, most of the uniforms were old and threadbare and a few of the Turks were wearing English and Australian tunics. Boots also seemed to be a scarce commodity; some of the soldiers having no boots were wearing raw hide sandals.

Their bread ration was in the shape of a round cake, about six or seven inches across and half an inch thick and very hard. It was more of a dried bread than a biscuit. As to arms, there were three sorts of rifles used in the firing line, the Mauser magazine rifle, the Mauser rifle without a magazine and the Martini rifle firing a Mauser cartridge.

The only reserve of men that we noticed behind the firing line were the men in the hollow of the crescent shaped hill, about a battalion, and we met no parties of men either going to, or coming from the firing line. The men we met on the road or in the camps seemed to be employed on transport. I saw no machine guns or artillery.

Continuing our journey we passed through a village which seemed deserted. About five o'clock in the afternoon, a dozen or so Australian prisoners passed us on the road - 14th and 15th Battalion men; somewhere near six o'clock we reached the rest camp. It consisted of two marquees inhabited by Turks, a wooden building used by the officers as a dining room, and two bell tents and a bough shed for the prisoners.

We had our wounds examined and dressed by the doctor as soon as we arrived. Then the interpreter came along. He took our names and regiments, examined any books and papers we had and told us he would notify the English Government that we were prisoners.

There were about 50 prisoners in the camp, including the Australians who had passed us on the road, among them were two Maoris and an Australian half-caste. These did not leave with us, nor with the other party which left two days later, and not seeing them again and not hearing it mentioned of them being anywhere else, I think the Turks must have done them in. Just about dusk another party of prisoners came in, about sixty.

We now got a feed, I think it was haricot beans and meat boiled together, and was our first taste of Turkish dieting. A quantity of this was ladled into a shallow dish and ten men were told to sit around and dip in, having had wooden spoons lent to us to eat it with.

The prisoners' camp was in a small enclosure, about twenty yards square, surrounded by a barbed wire and brush-wood fence. About nine o'clock, twenty or so of us got into the bush shed, on the floor of which a little loose hay had been scattered about, and taking off our boots lay down to sleep. In the morning two or three pairs of boots were missing, mine among them. I reported it to the interpreter, he told me he couldn't do anything for me, it was my own fault - I should have kept better watch on them.

About seven o'clock they gave us a small glass of tea and about nine o'clock a loaf of bread; it was dark brown in colour, made of very coarse flour and would weigh about a pound, or a pound and a quarter. About ten, they brought out the morning feed, a thin soup made of boiled wheat flavoured with olive oil. At five o'clock in the afternoon, we had our next feed, similar to the night before; it ran one small piece of meat about a inch square to a man. Near sunset another party of prisoners, about one hundred arrived at the camp.

Eight o'clock that night about sixty of us – about a fourth wounded – were told to fall in to go away. Our escort numbered about twenty. Away we went in the darkness to march the five or six miles which we were told was all we had to do to reach our destination. Turning into the main road, the Turks started to dig the rear ranks with their bayonets to make them keep closed up. This grew from bad to worse, soon they had us marching along huddled up like a mob of sheep. Now and then a Turk along the side of the road would dig a prisoner in the ribs with the butt of his rifle to keep them from spreading out sideways.

Somewhere near ten o'clock we reached a military camp and small town on the banks of the Dardanelles; after lining up and being counted, we were taken along a jetty and embarked on a small steam boat. I think this was a

sort of ferry boat, doing short distance runs on the coast, but having no sleeping or eating accommodation for passengers.

We were taken down into the saloon, there were seats around the sides and down the centre. Packing us into here, they locked us in, the last comers not being able to find room on the seats, had to make themselves comfortable on the floor. The windows having been boarded up, we were in total darkness, and there being no means of ventilation, in a little while the air began to get a bit thick; we were here most of the night.

The next morning the air was almost too thick to breathe. About an hour after the door had been opened by the guard, an officer came down to have a look at us. One of the prisoners complained to him, he went away and returned with another officer who could speak English. He was told about the room being in darkness and there being no ventilation. A little while after he had left, some workmen came down and removed the boards from the windows, letting in the daylight and the fresh air".

To be continued.

From: gumnet-bounces@lists.vicgum.asn.au

This is what I call a real informative death notice , wish all were like this.

Wells Journal, 19 Mar 1915

Priddy

The late Mrs Weeks - here passed away at her residence in the Out-Parish of St Cuthbert, Priddy, on the 5th inst, Mrs Lydia Weeks, wife of Mr. Naphthalim Weeks, senr., in her 78th year. Mrs Weeks, who was well-known and highly respected by all who knew her, will be greatly missed. Her two sons and three daughters - Mr James Weeks of Langford; Mr Naphthalim Weeks, junr., of Eastwater; Mrs Wesley Francis of Coxley; Mrs Mark Lovell of Priddy and Mrs Kate Speed - also attended the funeral. Mr. Stephen Speed (brother), of the New Inn Priddy; Miss May and Miss Ethel Weeks, of Eastwater; the Misses Malinda, Maud and Katie Speed (granddaughters); Mrs James Main (niece), Mrs Albert Voke (Niece), Mrs James Weeks, and Mrs Robert Speed were also present. he bearers were Messrs. James Main, of the Manor Farm, Priddy; Robert Speed, Bristol road, Wells; Ernest Speed, Priddy; Stephen Speed, jr., Crown Inn, West Harptree; Albert Voke, East Harptree (Nephews); Walter Speed, Priddy; Mark Lovell, Priddy; and Wesley Francis, Coxley (sons-in-law). Bombardier Wilfrid Speed, RHA (nephew) was also present. The coffin was of polished oak with heavy brass fittings. There was a number of beautiful wreaths. The Vicar (Rev. W H Creaton) officiated.

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The Territory's first and only Gallipoli prisoner

By Judy Boland

2015 marks the centenary of the Gallipoli campaign, and 8th August marked the centenary of the capture of Private John Beattie No 1827, 15th Battalion Australian Infantry Forces, the first and only Territorian to be captured on Gallipoli.

The following is the second part of Beattie's Repatriation Interview given after he was released by the Turks in 1918. It details his journey from a small port on the southern coast of the Gallipoli peninsula to Constantinople and into Prisoner-of-War camps. It also describes conditions experienced and the type and quantity of food available for the prisoners. It follows on from the report of his capture which was published in the June 2015 edition of *Progenitor*.

Beattie had been taken across the peninsula and placed aboard a small boat, ready to be transported to Constantinople.

"It was now 10th of August. At about nine o'clock in the morning, they gave us a half pound tin of horse flesh each and a loaf of bread. Those men who had knives, now pulled them out to open the tins; after the tins ere opened a Turkish sergeant went around and collected the knives and took them away, giving us to understand that prisoners were not allowed knives.

Drinking water was occasionally brought around by the Turks in buckets with a cup to drink out of. The latrine was on the main deck and we had to go in parties of five or six, being escorted.

Somewhere towards the afternoon we noticed a lot of running about amongst the Turks, we also heard aeroplanes circling overhead and the splashes of the Turks as they dived from the boat and jetty into the water in their hurry to get away. The door was locked, the sentry being locked inside with us; he stood on the stairs with his bayonet at the ready. Then the bomb dropped.

It shook the boat that much that we thought at first she had stopped it, gradually things quietened down and a little while after the door was opened again. After things had settled a bit, while going to the latrine, I had a look around.

The bomb had dropped in the centre of the jetty, completely destroying a large part of it and a gang of workmen were engaged in trying to rig up a footbridge or planks and ropes from one portion of the jetty to the other, the bomb must have dropped nine or ten yards from the stern of the boat.

About nine o'clock that night, just as we were going nicely to sleep, the guards came and hurried us out of it on to the jetty. Crossing the footbridge, a slow job, the night being dark and the ridge only one plank wide, we lined up on the road at the end of the jetty.

Here a lot of small horse carts were waiting. Into these we got, three men to a cart. We had to sit up as the carts were only four feet or four and a half feet square. Trotting and walking we travelled all night over the roughest roads that could ever be.

At dawn we stopped in a grass field by the roadside, the horses were taken out and fed and we were allowed to walk behind to warm ourselves. Starting off again we travelled until about ten that morning, when having reached a fair sized barracks we were taken to one of the buildings for the day.

About one o'clock they sent us along a feed of beans, having given us sour bread just before. At five o'clock that afternoon they fell us in again. We were inspected by the commander of the barracks who gave us a packet of cigarettes each. This time we were put in Turkish transport wagons, four men in a wagon.

Travelling all night again we reached a fair sized town about nine next morning. Leaving the wagons we marched through the town to a Turkish elementary school where we passed the day. Here our wounds were dressed and two or three men were sent to hospital. About five we were given a feed of rice and boiled raisins, the rice being in one dish and the raisins and water in another. Afterwards we were marched off to the wagons. Some of the inhabitants showed slight hostility towards us, throwing stones after us as we marched past. A new lot of wagons awaited us, this time drawn by pairs of buffaloes and bullocks; it was just getting dark as we started off.

Next morning we reached a small village; our road for the best part had run alongside of the Dardanelles. The wagons pulled off on to a grass flat by the roadside, we were marched to the village and spent the day under a big bough shed. Resuming our journey about five in the afternoon, the next day we stopped at a fair sized village that showed some signs of having been knocked about in the Balkan War. Here we were quartered in a coffee room.

Leaving in the afternoon, that same night about ten o'clock we reached a large town, where after leaving the wagons we had a feed of boiled wheat in a schoolroom. We were then marched to a railway station, put into carriages and locked in and stopped the night. The escort who accompanied us across country were a sort of irregular cavalry armed with Winchester rifles of .44 calibre and some of them carried swords.

Diarrhoea was rather prevalent among the prisoners on the journey. The train left at six o'clock next morning, the 15th August. Just before leaving we were given some of the Turks' hard ration biscuits.

We reached Constantinople about seven the same evening. We were marched into an enclosure on the station and halted under a row of Turkish flags and the population was allowed to come in and stare at us; the crowd was that big they blocked the [platform. After nearly an hour of this, we were marched away, two deep to make us look a big party, and taken to a room in the prison.

Soon after we got a loaf of bread and a feed of greenstuff (boiled marrow, cucumbers, cabbages) was sent up. We found it useless trying to sleep, too many bugs and fleas, beside the lice we had picked up and bred on the journey.

The next morning the Turks shouted us up about five and took us to the latrines in parties of ten and twelve. The bottom part of the prison seemed to be the criminal section; we saw the cages in which the murderers were confined, and large numbers of men heavily leg-ironed and handcuffed were in the rooms. On the way back we swilled our hands and face at a row of small taps, drying ourselves on our handkerchiefs, if we had any. About seven, they gave us a glass of tea. At nine o'clock the sick and wounded were taken to see the doctor, a few men being detained.

Returning we were not taken back to the room where the prisoners were, but were confined in a small room on the bottom floor; while coming here we saw the other party of prisoners. There were about eighty of them in a small room, and were rather crowded. They had left the rest camp a couple of days after us and arrived at Constantinople the day before, having come by boat. We were taken out again next morning to see the doctor, afterwards being taken to the big room where our comrades were; the

same afternoon the other party were brought up and put with us. The next afternoon we were taken out into a small garden at the back for exercise.

The following would be a fairly good sample of an average day while here. At five one of the guards would start shouting and making a noise to waken us up, we would go to the latrines and have a wash. Coming back the Turkish sergeant would claim a couple of men to brush the room out. At seven we were given a glass of tea, about nine we would get our bread. At nine o'clock the sick and wounded were marched to see the doctor. About ten a dozen men would fall in, get ration tins, and be marched to the cook house to draw our morning feed. This was usually a thin soup made with boiled wheat and olive oil, ten of us sat around a tin and lapped it up with wooden spoons.

After this we usually sat down and taking off our clothes, gave them a good overhauling for lice and fleas. Sometimes about two in the afternoon they would take us into the garden for exercise, but not every day. At five o'clock we got our evening meal this used to vary, sometimes beans, sometimes greenstuff, other times white peas. We got a little meat with our evening meal, a piece about an inch square to a man; we used to fish it out and share it around before starting on the peas or cabbage. We amused ourselves of a night time by killing bugs.

On 20th August they lines us up in the garden and gave each man a cotton shirt and a pair of underpants and a pair of socks, also to any man who had no boots they gave a pair of light Turkish shoes and those without a cap, hat or helmet, got a khaki fez. I was a prisoner three years and, with this exception of Khangeri where I got a pair of shoes, this was the only time that I ever received any clothing from the Turks.

On or about our third day here, they took us to the square and made us parade before a cinematograph, forming fours and marching by platoons; they also took our photographs, standing on a row of steps. We were given a free shave before the performance.

On the 22nd, about mid-day, forming us up two deep, they marched us through the town. Crossing a bridge over an arm of the sea we reached a barracks on the outskirts of the town, and here we stopped, being taken to one of the top rooms. This place was just as bad for bugs and fleas as the prison.

About six o'clock on the morning of the 25th we marched from here to a jetty nearby, embarked on a ferry-boat and crossing the Bosphorus, were landed at Haidar Pasha Station. After being lined up and counted – I think there were about a hundred and twenty or thirty of us – we were put in carriages, the train pulling out about eight o'clock. On the journey down, besides our bread, they gave us some raw salted sardines to eat; on the second day they gave a little cheese. On the night of the second day, about ten o'clock, we reached Angora.

A company of men with torches were waiting outside the station, with these on the side of us, we marched to a Greek Church Monastery, our quarters for the next two months. We found about thirty Frenchmen – the crew of the French submarine "Marriote" – already there and two English soldiers, captured just after the landing.

The Turks gave us a surprise here, they issued us with a straw mattress and a quilt; the first bedding I had ever had in Turkey; at Constantinople we slept on the bare floor. We were distributed in four small rooms holding about twelve men each, and a large room holding the remainder. Our beds were placed around the walls, head to the wall, touching each other. In the big room there were rows of beds down the centre

as well. This is the usual method carried out in Turkey and is the only method used in the prisoner of war camps where I have been to.

The food we got here was rather rough. The morning feed was without exception, boiled lentils flavoured with butter; we had to skim the small beetles off the top of the soup before we started eating it. The bread was very gritty, containing a fair bit of fine sand. The evening meal was passable, it was usually meat and haricot beans or wheat, or white peas; the white peas were hard even when cooked for three or four hours, we called them shrapnel. The ration allowed was very small; four men could have eaten comfortably the meal that had to do for ten. We usually shared the meat around; sometimes there would be an argument when there was only eight or nine pieces of meat and someone had to go short; the pieces were too small to cut in two. We were always hungry at Angora Monastery.

The doctor used to visit the camp every morning at nine o'clock to treat the wounded and sick; dysentery was a common complaint. The latrine ran into an open hole, just below the windows of the big room and the stink that sometimes came from it was more than a man could stand. To wash ourselves we were taken once a day to the river.

After we had been at Angora about a month the Roman Catholics amongst us were taken away to Afion Kara Hissar. About thirty went and with them went all the Frenchmen. A party of English prisoners came to Angora from Constantinople about the 20th September and were quartered in a technical school not far from the monastery. Another party from Afion Kara Hissar arrived about the 12th of October and also went to the school. While in Angora I changed my English pound note receiving eighty-one piastres for it.

On October 14th, we left Angora to go to Khangeri. Four transport wagons carried our rations, quilts and any sick who could not walk. By this time my wounds were healed. We left the Monastery at nine o'clock, receiving our loaf of bread, and marched to a grass flat half a mile away and sat down. Here we were joined by the party from the school. At about half past ten we started off. Our escort were young soldiers, just about finished their training, and armed with Martini Mauser rifles. We started off nice and fresh, towards evening we felt a bit tired, when night came we were still a long way from our first stopping place. We were now beginning to string out and the escort used the butts of their rifles to keep the stragglers up.

About nine o'clock we reached a village, between a hundred and hundred and twenty of us were crowded into a room. There was no room to lie down and they gave us no quilts; we sat up all night in the dark, shivering with cold it being frosty weather. Where the others got to I do not know, but some of them told me the next day that they'd had quilts.

We left next morning about five, our limbs still aching from the day before, receiving our bread, we marched off. We reached our day's destination just as it got dark. It was a village on the side of a hill on top of which was an old ruined castle; I think it was called Asteria. Some Armenian gentlemen had heard our coming and had prepared a meal of boiled wheat for us. This was the only meal we received on the march; the only ration we got while marching was a loaf of bread a day. Enough bread to last us on the journey had been baked in Angora before we started and it was carried in the wagons, by the time we reached our destination it was rather on the stale side. Part of us were here quartered in a building with platforms down the sides to sleep on, we got quilts this night and I managed to get a good night's sleep. The bigger part of the men, I was told were quartered in a coffee shop. During the day I received a couple of knocks from the rifle butts of the Turks keeping up the stragglers.

Starting off about seven next morning we were still a long way from our resting place at nightfall. A few men – being knocked up – began to drop by the roadside and had to be helped along by their comrades. About nine o'clock we reached the village, a small one, half way up a hill, where we stopped. This time I found shelter, with about fifteen more, in a small, one roomed house; having got our quilts we made ourselves fairly comfortable.

The others, I think, were quartered in a big shed which had been used as a stable. Starting off next morning about five my feet blistered and feeling worn out, I began to doubt if I would last the day. Most of the men seemed to be in the same way.

Nine o'clock at night we reached our destination, a Turkish barracks; we were about three hundred British prisoners and ten Frenchmen. We were supplied with a quilt and a bed at Khangeri, the quilts that were brought from Angora on the wagons were taken back. Angora and Khangeri were the only [places where we were supplied with bedding. After a brief feed of beans we turned in and most of us kept in until nine next morning.

Khangeri was a better camp than Angora. We had a large square to walk about in, we were allowed outside occasionally to play football and shopping parties were allowed out two or three times a week to purchase food at the bazaar. The guard, being old and middle aged men, made themselves rather friendly; they were armed with old fashioned long Snider rifles, dated 1866, London made.

A British staff was in the cookhouse and improved the cooking. Our morning meal was boiled wheat flavoured with butter; it was after the style of a thin porridge. Our evening meal was a variation of potatoes and meat, haricot beans and meat, cabbage and meat, or white peas and meat. This small meal was rather watery, the meat ration was very small and there was not sufficient of the other stuff to make a meal. As at Angora, likewise here, we always felt hungry. The meat supplied to us was always goat, one day seeing it weighed I averaged how much it ran to a man, it was about one hundred grammes French, including bone. The average weight of the loaf was about seven hundred and fifty grammes. When on potatoes we got two small pieces a man, when on peas or beans, about three spoonfuls, the cabbage feed was mostly water. All food was boiled, the water being served up with the food; the water made it look like a big feed.

On November 20th, we received our first consignment of clothes from the American Ambassador. There was not sufficient clothes to go around and give every man what he was short of, so the sergeants in charge, shared them out as best they could. I received a pair of trousers and a blanket.

On December 6th, the Ambassador sent some money, it worked out at eighty-six piastres a man. After this things began to look up, having money we no longer felt the pangs of hunger, we could buy eggs, flour, meat, potatoes, raisins, bread, butter, onions and almost anything else in the easting line we wanted. We bought plates, cups, basins, knives and forks and no longer squatted ten men round a Food tin in the heathen Turkish fashion. We bought frying pans and cooking pots, wood and charcoal; on fine mornings there would be a lot of small fires scattered about the square where men would be boiling a pot of tea and frying a couple of eggs for breakfast. On wet days we made our fires in the cookhouse.

A second party of British prisoners arrived here from Constantinople on about the 3rd or 4th of December 1915 and a third party on the 3rd or 4th of January 1916.

On December 19th or 20th another lot of money came from the American Ambassador, a Turkish livre a man. On 22nd he sent some underclothing, on the 23rd we got another fifty-four piastres, on the 29th more

underclothes came. When the clothing was shared out, amongst other things I received a towel, my first towel in Turkey. On 6th January 1916 I got a coat and cap, completing the suit and rigged me out with the exception of boots and overcoat.

The Turks knew we had money to spend and put up the prices to get it from us the quicker. Whereas before the Ambassador's money came, we could buy eggs for eight a piaster, geese for eight and nine piastres each, turkeys for ten and fowls for three and four piastres. At Christmas time we were paying one and a half piastres for two eggs, geese were fourteen to sixteen piastres each, turkeys fifteen to twenty, fowls eight to nine. Butter had risen from twelve and fifteen piastres an oke to thirty and thirty-five, flour from two and three to six and eight piastres an oke and bread had risen from half a piaster to a piaster a loaf. This custom was carried on through Turkey; as soon as a party of prisoners went to a camp, the prices of foodstuffs and goods bought by the prisoners went up beyond all reason, going up to two and three times their original price in a few weeks.

To be continued.

NORTHERN TERRITORY TIMES AND GAZETTE (Darwin, NT : 1873 - 1927), Thursday 26 April 1917, page 16

Soldiers' Letters.

Corporal E. K. Henry, who was once a resident of Darwin, in the employ of P. R. Allen and Co., in writing to a friend in the Territory, encloses the following lines for publication in the local paper. Corp. Henry was all through the fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and after being engaged on staff duties in England, is now probably in the thick of the fighting on the Western Front. He writes respecting the enclosed lines: "I enclose a copy of a verse which I wrote in Lone Pine just after the charge, and thought perhaps the N.T.Times would like to print."

THE LONE PINE CHARGE.

The Boys of the 1st Brigade stood to their arms,
From the lines of the Foemen rang out the alarms.
We crouched as we waited the shrill whistle blast;
Each knew that this effort might well be his last.
The signal rang out, and we sprang to the work,
With the Bayonets incline and each face to the Turk.
And we thought every gun in the Universe talked
As the reaper grim death took his toll as he stalked.
The wounded fell prone, ne'er again would they rise,
For the shrapnel sowed death as it rained from the skies.
Tho' the remnant pushed on and came up with the Turk,
With great gaps in the ranks, but in stern mood for work,
Some Turks stood their ground –there was some that had fled.

The Territory's first and only Gallipoli prisoner

By Judy Boland

2015 marked the centenary of the Gallipoli campaign and the centenary of the capture of Private John Beattie No 1827, 15th Battalion Australian Infantry Forces, the first and only Territorian during that campaign.

Beattie was captured during the opening stages of the Battle for Lone Pine, when his Battalion was ordered to mount an attack on Hill 971.

The following is the third part of Beattie's Repatriation Interview given after he was released in 1918. It details the events in his life after arrival at Constantinople as a Prisoner of War. It follows on from the report of his capture which was published in the September 2015 edition of *Progenitor*.

We left Khangeri on January 17th, 1916 at half past eight in the morning, having been there three months. There were now about three hundred and seventy or eighty prisoners, including forty-eight Australians, about a dozen New Zealanders, ten Frenchmen and one Ghurkha, the rest being British troops. Before we left, those men who had no boots, or whose boots were worn out, were given a pair of shoes by the Turkish Commander.

The journey back was something similar to the first one. Men began to drop out and had to be helped along by their mates. Sergeant Rawling and P. Kinder did some good work helping along the sick and weak. We stopped a day at Asteria to recuperate. It was the middle of winter and there was snow on the ground, one field some of us crossed to cut off a big bend in the road the snow was knee deep, where we crossed the range of hills a spring of running water was frozen and the ice on the creeks and ditches was thick enough to support a man. We reached Angora about the 21st January, quarters being found for us in a native hotel. On the 27th, at seven in the evening, we were marched to the station and put in carriages, the train leaving almost immediately. We reached Belemelik on the 30th at eight o'clock at night.

The railway construction company, to whom we were sent, didn't know we were coming and had no accommodation ready. For that night about twenty of us were put in a cow shed and the remainder were crowded into a wooden building. It was a bitterly cold night and some of us had no blankets or overcoats. The next day they put us in tents. Another party of prisoners, British, French and Russian had arrived from Afion Kara Hissar the day before we did.

On the 3rd February a party of us, about fifty, was sent to work in the tunnel about a mile and a half out; our work was with pick and shovel, loading the wagons with the stone which the miners had blown down. the miners were principally Greeks, or rather Christian Turks who called themselves Greeks; they were working for a company chiefly to escape the conscription, as employees of the company were exempt from military service.

Our pay was twelve piastres (2/-) a day; we started work at six o'clock in the morning and finished at six o'clock at night, having a two hour rest for dinner. All our food we had to buy and pay cash for. We were allowed a loaf of bread a day for which two piastres was charged, the money being stopped out of our pay; this was the only credit we got in the food line we got. We were paid once a month we were divided into two parties, a day shift and a night shift. The night shift start-

ed at six in the evening and finished at six the next morning. We worked every Sunday, having two Sundays off a month.

The sergeants saw the engineer in charge about boots and blankets for the men who had none. He told them he would give a written order to the men to get boots and blankets from the company store and the money would be stopped out of their pay.

We were divided into two messes, one mess was given a house to live in, the other a blacksmith's shop. We didn't like the idea of working all day and sleeping on the floor of a blacksmith's shop at night, so we complained about it. The company sent out some carpenters who pulled out the forge and anvil and rigged up a couple of platforms for us to sleep on. About June the bugs came in millions, it was dry weather so we slept outside on planks until October. The tunnel work was very rough on clothes and boots, I bought two pairs of boots and had two pairs of Ambassador's boots in ten months; the first pair of boots I bought cost me two livres at the store; the second pair was a pair of Turkish ammunition, I gave a Turkish soldier two and a half livres for them. I had saved the Ambassador's monthly livre and the Australian Red Cross livre to buy a pair of boots; to find the extra half livre for the Turk I had to sell my overcoat. It took all of a man's wages to keep him in food; for extras he had to depend on the Ambassador.

A cook and a caterer were allowed to each mess. The caterer's duties were to walk to Belemelik and buy the food, collect the mess money from the men and keep the books. When we first went to Belemelik food was fairly cheap, beef was five piastres an oke, goat flesh six and mutton seven and eight. Potatoes were three and four piastres and onions four and five an oke. Haricot beans were ten and twelve piastres, butter twenty-five and thirty and flour five an oke. There was a big store run by the company and a few small shops run by the Turks. The prices in the small shops were usually two and three piastres higher than the company store. Meat could only be bought from the Turkish shops and only the company stores sold flour.

Towards the end of 1916 and in the early months of 1917 food began to get scarcer and prices went up. Eggs rose from half a piaster to two piastres each, meat rose to fifteen and twenty piastres an oke, flour was unobtainable, cooking wheat rose from two piastres to six and later to ten and twelve an oke. All other foods rose in price in proportion. The company stores seemed unable to get enough food to supply the workmen. If they did get a consignment in, there would be a run on it and in two days it would be sold out. For about a month in early 1917 the company was short of flour, our bread ration was cut down from a half to a quarter of a kilogram and for seven or eight days we had a small ration of one eighth of a kilo. Then the company started grinding beans, maize, white peas and lentils, mixing it with wheaten flour and making bread from the mixture. Later on when potatoes were plentiful they used them in the bread. The bean meal bread was a small solid loaf with a slightly bitter flavour; the mixed flour and potato bread was used up to the end of the war.

When food was plentiful, we used to have the same food as we would have had at home, but when food got scarce we had to eat what we could get and lived principally on what and haricot beans, occasionally being lucky enough to get meat and potatoes. In March 1917, they started the ration system at Belemelik. Every employee of the company was entitled to so much food a week. He went to the local food controller and got a written order for his rations, then he went to the store, handed in his order and drew his rations, paying for them at the same time. At the same time as the rations system started, I left Belemelik for Bore.

On October 25th 1916, I got a transfer from the tunnels to the power station, where I was employed as a fireman on the boilers. The pay here was sixteen piastres a day and we worked eight hours a day. There were three shifts, changing every fortnight. Several Britishers were flogged when I was in Belemedik for being absent from work without permission.

The American Ambassador continued to look after us at Belemedik; he also looked after the French and Russian prisoners. He sent a livre a month and at Christmas in 1916 he sent us, among other things, tea, sugar, cocoa, chocolate, syrup, puddings and bacon. He also sent along more clothing.

While at Belemedik, I received from the Australian Red Cross three livres, in three lots of one livre each.

During 1916, malaria was rather prevalent at Belemedik, about thirty of the British prisoners dying; August, September and October seemed to be the worst months. There were two doctors at the hospital, one Turkish and one German; after the fall of Kut-el-Amara, an English doctor was stationed there as well. All employees of the company, Turks and prisoners, were treated alike.

The civilians were friendly disposed towards the prisoners; the civilians themselves were no better off than prisoners, only working for the company to escape the conscription.

When I was in Belemedik the public opinion of Turkey was that Germany and Turkey would win. Turkey had claimed two victories over British troops; they had driven us from the Peninsula and they had captured the Kut-el-Amara garrison. The Germans were advancing in France and the German fleet has fought and driven back the English fleet.

I left Belemedik on March 22nd 1917, being rather weak and run down with fever; there were fifteen British and fifty Russian prisoners, all convalescents. We were put into two trucks at Karapounar station, about half a mile from Belemedik, and started off about nine o'clock in the morning; about six o'clock in the evening we reached Ulikishala, where we left the train for our walk to Bore. We were crowded for that night into an old room at the side of a mosque and spent the night sitting up. There wasn't room to lie down and the fleas were too numerous for anyone to sleep.

About eight o'clock next morning we marched off; two of the Russian prisoners on crutches. We were not too sure how far Bore was away; some had been told it was a three days march, others had been told it was about thirty miles. We stopped about four that evening at a small village, being quartered in a two roomed house. Next morning leaving about nine, we reached another village about three in the afternoon and stopped the night. Leaving here next morning about eight, we reached Bore about ten; after being inspected by the Commander we went to our barracks, a school.

Bore was a convalescent camp, it had only been opened a month and we were the second party of prisoners to arrive there. We were taken out once a week, on Sundays, for a walk round, usually being about three hours. Every other day we had a shopping party and once a week a bath party, having to pay two and a half piastres for the bath. Fresh prisoners kept coming to Bore about every three weeks or a month, British, Indians, Russians and Romanians. There were three or four other barracks in the town where prisoners were quartered. At one time there were

about twelve hundred prisoners in Bore. The Dutch Consul sat Constantinople looked after the prisoners; the American Ambassador had left Turkey, the United States having declared war. On July 18th, he sent along his first money, he also sent along money in August and September; he sent some clothes just before I left, I received a coat and a pair of trousers.

The food at Bore was principally wheat, with haricot beans, potatoes or onions as a change for the evening meal; during August and September we got marrows, about May and June spinach and mangel tops. Every other evening we got wheat flavoured with olive oil, the other evenings, one of the vegetables mentioned above. We got meat twice a week; the meat was usually boiled with vegetables. Here as in other Turkish camps, the meat ration was very small. The morning meal was always the same, a thin soup made of wheat and olive oil. There was no drinking water in the school; three times a day we would get our chatties, buckets, water bottlers or anything else that would hold water, and be marched to one of the fountains in the town. Running through the yard was a small stream that turned a flour mill further on; in this stream we washed ourselves and our clothes. The yard at the school was very small, about thirty yards by twelve.

Food at Bore when we first went there was fairly cheap, but as usual, when the Consul's money came the prices went up. Eggs rose from half a piaster to two piastres each, matches from six piastres a packet of ten boxes to one and a half piastres a box. Potatoes went from five and six an oke to twelve, meat rose from twenty-five piastres an ole to fifty.

A couple of Russians once got away from Bore, but not being able to find food, had to return. When they got back all the prisoners were lined up in a square, the two Russians in the centre, and after the crime and punishment awarded had been read out – in Turkish – the two prisoners got a flogging. Some time later a couple of British prisoners got into trouble while out with a shopping party. It seems that one of the escort hit a prisoner who promptly hit him back. A couple more of the escort joined in and another prisoner coming up he also entered the fray. The shopping party was turned back and the trouble reported to the officer, second in command, by the escort. He was an old grey-haired lieutenant and appeared to be in charge of the prisoners at the school, the commander only visiting occasionally. That evening, about six, both of the prisoners were flogged by the Lieutenant. He also told us, through the interpreter, that no prisoner must hit a Turkish soldier, no matter what was done to a prisoner. The guard could hit us, they could kick us if they wanted to; we were prisoners of war and had to put up with it. When going away he told the sentry on the gate to knock us back with eh butt of the rifle if we came too near. Beside flogging the two men, he also punished the barracks; shopping parties were stopped for a fortnight, the Sunday exercise walk was stopped, bath parties were stopped, we were only allowed to go for drinking water once a day, and we had to be in our rooms when it got dark, not on the square.

I received my first parcel on May 24th 1917; while at Bore I received four parcels, also one hundred and ninety-six piastres from the Australian Red Cross.

A Turkish doctor used to visit the convalescent camps about every two months and picking out the healthy men, sent them to the working camps again.

My next camp was Gelebek, arriving there in September 23rd. There were two employers of labour at Gelebek, the railway construction company and a German military company of engineers. The construction company was engaged on constructing the road gauge railway; the military

company had control over the narrow gauge line that connected Gelebek with Karapounar, the end of the unfinished broad gauge. Among the prisoners, the first was called "the Company", the second "the German Military". Both used prisoners of war for labour; our party was sent to the military. I got a job in the engine yards, doing small repairs to the narrow gauge engines. The pay was fourteen paistres a day, out of which five was stopped for rations; the bread was made from mixed pea and bean meal and flour, it was a small heavy loaf of about a pound weight. The bread was issued from the timekeeper's office; if a man didn't work he got no bread.

We started work at six in the morning and finished at half past five in the evening, having two hours off for meals. We worked five and a half days a week, working half a day on Sundays. The hut we were given to live in was dug out of the side of a hill, being half underground and having an earthen roof. We called it the dugout. The fleas were in millions, on fine nights we slept outside to escape them, the floor was of earth. We had to steal wood to make bunks, wood being scarce; none could be issued to prisoners.

The food at Gelebek was a bit rough. I helped to draw the first day's rations; we were given four kilograms of haricot beans and a pint of olive oil for twenty men. Talking to the German Quartermaster Sergeant who issued the rations, he told us we were allowed four kilos a day of beans, wheat, lentils or peas, or only three kilos or rise, if we drew rice. This with a pint of olive oil was for twenty men. We got meat sometimes. We got three issues of meat the first month, after that we went a month without getting any, then we got an issue once a week for a few weeks. When a consignment of lentils came we would be issued with lentils five days a week until they were finished; if a lot of peas came, we would have peas nearly every day; it was the same with horse beans. Occasionally they would give us haricot beans or wheat or rice for a change. The lentils contained a good percentage of small beetles which we sorted out while eating. The peas were the small, hard, white pea, hard even when cooked; the prisoners called them shrapnel. The horse beans, so called by the prisoners, were a sort of dried broad beans; they were rather tough eating and each bean contained a beetle. One man was allowed as cook, we were given one large cooking pot.

Besides prisoners, the military employed about sixty Turks; their food was cooked for them and we wanted to draw ours in the same way. After about three months we asked to be allowed to draw our food from the cookhouse; the request was granted. We had the same ration, but it was drawn and cooked for us; we had two meals a day, dinner and supper. Here, for about two months we got no meat; what they gave us was the livers and lungs of the cattle that were killed for the German soldiers.

Just after Christmas 1917, two of us had a row with the German sergeant in charge of the workshop. Going for our bread as usual at eight in the morning, he refused to give us any, telling us to wait until we had finished work. This meant that we had to go without food until mid-day. We had a few words with him about it and then turned away. As I turned away he spoke to me; I stopped, but not knowing enough German to answer him I turned away again. He struck me as I moved off, several blows across the head with his stick, breaking the skin. After a bit I got away and my mate coming up at the same time, we went to the doctor together.

After getting my head dressed we went to the Commander. But the sergeant had been there before us. The next day my mate was sent to prison for three days for being absent from work. Three days afterwards, I was sent to prison for five days for not working. We got solitary confine-

ment, one meal a day and a pound of bread. There being only one cell, I had to wait until my mate had done his time before I could go to prison.

The company men at Gelebek used to say they were worse off than the men working for the military. The two engineers in charge of them seemed to be the sort of men that nothing could please. Hardly a month passed but one or two men were sent to the Commander to be flogged. Their rations were similar to ours, and they had to work all day before they could draw their bread. When a man was sick, he had to see a note from the doctor to say he was unable to work. This note entitled him to his rations, but he had to pay for those rations. All ration money at Gelebek was stopped out of a man's pay.

The Russian and Indian prisoners at Gelebek working for the military were employed loading and unloading ammunition and other war material, between the narrow gauge and the broad gauge lines, trans-shipping from one line to the other.

While at Gelebek I received three parcels and one hundred and fifty four piastres from the Australian Red Cross.

The Spanish Consul at Aleppo looked after the prisoners at Gelebek. He sent us along a few clothes, and once a month, a few foodstuffs. He told us he was not allowed to send money to prisoners of war in working camps, but who stopped him from sending money – the Turks or the Germans- I do not know. The food he sent to us helped us out a bit, our rations being insufficient.

Food at Gelebek was rather expensive to buy. Eggs were three to five piastres each, according to the time of the year; potatoes twenty-five to thirty piastres an oke, meat was sixty to seventy piastres an oke, onions forty piastres an oke, butter was three hundred piastres an oke. Ration loaves were bought and sold twelve and a half piastres to fifteen piastres, according to the demand. Turkish soldiers' ration loaves were twenty to twenty-five piastres each and I have seen kilo loaves sold for fifty piastres each.

I left Gelebek on June 8th 1918, my next camp being Afion Kara Hissar, a convalescent camp, which I reached on the 11th.

The barracks was an Armenian Church, the yard or square being rather on the small side. There were about four hundred prisoners when I was there. We were taken out once a week for exercise, being marched to a field about half a mile from the barracks; games of football and cricket were usually played. A new Commander had just been appointed to the camp when I got there; the old Commander, Moslem Bey, having been removed.

The rations at Afion Kara Hissar were chiefly wheat, with lentils, marrow or peas as a change. The morning feed was always the wheat and olive oil supp. On three or four days a week, the evening meal was wheat, the other days it was one of the above three changes. We were not given meat, olive oil always being issued as a substitute. I helped to draw rations five or six times; once were given fifty kilos of peas and fourteen kilos of wheat for the day; another time we drew sixty-five kilos of wheat. The oil ration was about one and a half gallons a day. Shopping parties were allowed out three or four times a week to purchase food from the bazaar.

The Dutch Consul at Constantinople looked after the prisoners at Afion Kara Hissar, sending them six livres a month, also clothing. Food was a little cheaper than at Gelebek; eggs were one and a quarter piastres and one and a half piastres each; potatoes fifteen to twenty piastres an oke; butter two livres an oke; flour twenty-seven and a half and thirty piastres.

I received two parcels from the Australian Red Cross.

After two months I was sent to Belemelik on a working party, getting work in the power station there.

To be continued.



JAMES NEILSON AND ISABELLA GIBSON.. GIPPSLAND PIONEERS

Heather Sjoberg

Published by UniPrint,

Charles Darwin University 2015

Every family needs a Heather Sjoberg. Wish I had one. Someone with excellent research skills and a love of Family History with the ability to write an entertaining, factual account of the pioneers of her family. This book JAMES NEILSON AND ISABELLA GIBSON...GIPPSLAND PIONEERS is a book anyone would be really proud of and if you were part of Heather's extended family, delighted that someone else had written.

Unlike a book written on my Tasmanian connections, I would like to think Heather has everyone's age correct. Not nice to have a couple of years added to your already impressive age. I am sure my cousin was just out for revenge..... The research in this book however is thorough and well documented.

They should have held out and continued to exercise their executive functions until equally physically overpowered. If it is shown that they had voluntarily laid down their authority the government would have to take the matter up.'

A constabulary, selected from returned soldiers, were to be sent to the Territory to carry out patrol work. In the Federal Senate the Darwin situation was discussed and it was agreed that 'something was radically wrong when the whole community without exception took such drastic action'.

Patrick along with Mr. Hardie Gibson, Mr. Conacher, Mr. Nelson, Mr. W. J. Callan, Mr. Frank Hollowood and Mr. George Lawrence was involved with starting the Northern Territory Athletic club. The club was a gymnasium equipped with horizontal bars, dumbbells, punchballs, lockers, shower baths and 'all gymnastic appliances'. This occurred in October 1919 but by October 1920 the club was in need of resuscitation and a deputation consisting of Nelson, Callan and Brennan approached the Town Council asking them to forego the £16 in damages done to the council owned Club Hall.

The Christmas Entertainment Committee held a concert at Parap, (3.7km from Darwin). The train ran from Darwin to Parap but on this occasion no free rides were given. Mr. Paddy Brennan gave a solo on the fiddle in his usual artistic manner and had to give an encore. The overture was given by Mrs. Ardill (piano), Mr. Sibley (flute) and Mr. Brennan (Patrick's son) (violin).

In March 1920 Patrick gave a donation of 5s towards the Soldiers' Monument Fund.

<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 1 June 1916 pg 13 N.T. Racing club
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 8 June 1916 pg 15 Race Programme
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 11 May 1916 pg 8 meeting Victoria Hotel
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 13 July 1916 pg 11 donation
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 15 February 1917 pg 17 UWA public meeting
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 8 March 1919 pg 12 Reform Committee
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 26 April 1919 pg 11 Reform Committee platform
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 3 May 1919 pg 17 Reform Committee
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 3 May 1919 pg 15 Combined Union
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 17 May 1919 pg 7 Nominations Advisory Board
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 7 June 1919 pg 23 election results
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 27 September 1919 pg 9 Prickly Pars
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 18 October 1919 pg 6 Territory Administration Condemned
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 18 October 1919 pg 18 Deputation
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 25 October 1919 pg 10 Deputation
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 25 October 1919 pg 8 Darwin trouble
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 25 October 1919 pg 7 Northern Territory Athletic Club
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 23 October 1920 pg 2 Athletic Club
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 10 January 1920 pg 12 Concert at Parap
<http://trove.nla.gov.au> Northern Territory Times and Gazette 20 March 1920 pg 2 Soldiers' Monument Fund

The Territory's first and only Gallipoli prisoner

By Judy Boland

2015 marked the centenary of the start of the Gallipoli campaign and the centenary of the capture of Private John Beattie No. 1827, 15th Battalion Australian Infantry Forces, the first and only Territory prisoner-of-war during that campaign.

Beattie was captured during the opening stages of the Battle for Lone Pine, when his Battalion was ordered to mount an attack on Hill 971.

The following is the fourth part of Beattie's Repatriation Interview given after he was released in 1918. It details the events in his life after arrival at Belededik in August 1918 as a Prisoner of War. It follows on from his description of life in Khangeri, Belededik, Afion Kara Hissar and Gelebek camps which was published in the December 2015 edition of *Progenitor*.

"After two months [August 1918] I was sent to Belededik on a working party, getting work in the power station there. The employees at Belededik were being rationed when I went there the second time.

A man was allowed one and three quarter kilogrammes of food a week, a little oil or butter and a few onions; if potatoes were drawn twice the weight of potatoes was allowed. The prisoners were in messes of 10 and 12 men, a cook was allowed to each mess and rations drawn once a week. The following is a sample of a week's rations for 11 men:- twenty kilos of potatoes, two of peas, two of wheat,, three of macaroni, two of raisins, five of onions and one and a half of butter or oil. All rations had to be paid for when being drawn. Thursday was ration day for the British.

At Belededik I received three parcels from the Australian Red Cross. The Consul sent along food and clothes, but no money.

When I had been in Belededik about seven weeks news of the retreat of the Turkish Army from Palestine came through and the British prisoners were hurried out of it. I left with a party on October 9th, being sent to Afion Kara Hissar. The broad gauge line had been laid through the tunnels and a trial train had gone through, completing the line from Constantinople to Aleppo.

We left Afion Kara Hissar on October 22nd, going to Smyrna; leaving there on November 1st on the 'Kanowna'.

Most of the engineers in charge of sections of the construction were Germans and they were responsible for the conditions under which the prisoners worked and lived on that section. The Engineers supplied the food and found the accommodation, as well as finding the work and fixing the rate of pay. Discipline was controlled by the Turkish Commander of the district; he punished the prisoner on the work of the engineer, sometime imprisoning but mostly flogging. The foremen in charge of gangs were usually Turkish subjects; like the engineers they expected a lot of work.

Most of the German and Austrian soldiers I saw seemed to be friendly disposed towards the British prisoners in Turkey.

The newspapers of Turkey were under strict censorship and the news published was generally pro-German. As a rule the public opinion of turkey was the same as the news in the papers. During 1916 the general belief in Turkey was that they and Germany would win the war; in 1917, although Turkey didn't do much, they put their trust in Germany, and while Germany was doing well Turkey was not in much danger. The entrance of America into the war did not impress Turkey as being of much account; neither the Turks nor the Germans seemed to have any fear of America as a fighting nation. As late as May 1916 the Turks were still confident of Germany coming out on top.

Talking to one or two educated Turks in Adana at the time, they asked me what had England or France done to give anyone the opinion of them winning the war. England had advanced in Mesopotamia and Palestine, both Arab countries and not of much account to a Turk, and had taken a few isolated German colonies.

Against this, they told me, that Germany had advanced in France, Austria had advanced in Italy and Belgium, Serbia, Romania and Russia had been defeated and occupied by German troops. They told me the war would be finished in three or four months and Germany would win. The Turks thought a great lot of the fall of Russia. As the evacuation of the Dardanelles and the fall of Kut-el-amara gave them heart in 1916, so did the collapse of Russia give them heart in 1918. Turkey had great faith in the power of Germany.

The news given to prisoners was usually of a pro-German nature. Occasionally we got news from a passing German soldier, sometime from a Turk. We got most of our news from a Turkish paper, published in French, called the "Hilal". Occasionally we got two newspapers from the Germans, printed in English, called the "Continental Times" and the "Illustrated War Journal". Both of these papers were printed in Berlin and the news distinctly pro-German. We received no war news from England or Australia, our letters and parcels undergoing strict censorship.

When first captured we were allowed to write a letter on one page of writing paper, once a week. Early in 1916 they issued us with special post-cards; we were allowed a card a week, and writing letters was forbidden. About three months later the supply of cards began to get short and we were issued with a card only every fortnight; we were now told we could write a letter on the week when no card was issued, the letter was not to exceed four lines.

Soon after the issue of cards stopped. The order then came out that we could write one letter a week, the letter not to contain more than four lines. As far as I know this order remained in force until the war finished, although many prisoners wrote long letters and most of them seemed to get through.

A few of the letters sent to prisoners went astray. As a rule letters coming into Turkey for prisoners of war, after being censored, would be sorted into different districts; the letters for a district would be tied into a bundle and be sent to the Commander of that district, who would give them to the British sergeant in charge to distribute. If a prisoner was not in the district his letter would be given back to the Commander who would forward them to another district.

The conditions controlling the receipt and forwarding on of parcels to prisoners of war were very bad. I was over three years a prisoner and during that time I only received thirteen parcels. Now the Australian Red Cross has sent me considerably more than thirteen parcels. I cannot say how many they have sent me, but thirteen would not be one fourth of them. I am not the only prisoner who has not received parcels that have been sent to him, most prisoners were in the same way.

Another thing; when I was at Galebek the Consul sent along some clothes, among them were some English uniform blue overcoats with brass buttons. Now these overcoats could only have come into Turkey in prisoners' parcels and the Consul must have bought them in Aleppo or Constantinople. How did these overcoats come to be offered for sale in the shops of those towns? Also, two of the parcels that I received had been opened and more than half of the contents stolen and the parcel sewn up again. It was a common thing in Turkey for a prisoner to receive a parcel and only find about half or a third of the contents in it.

During the time I was a prisoner I received six hundred and fifty piastres from the Australian Red Cross; other prisoners captured about the same time received twice as much. Some of my money must have gone the same way as the parcels.

At Angor and Khangeri a Turkish doctor visited the camp every morning. Any very sick man would be sent to the Turkish hospital in the town.

At Belemelik the company had a hospital, all employees – prisoners and Turks – receiving the same treatment. There were three doctors, a Turkish, a German and a British doctor. All sick men had to visit the hospital at nine o'clock; any serious cases were detained. Any sick man not detained in hospital, and any men discharged as convalescents, would be given a note from the doctor enabling them to have a few days' rest. It was left to the discretion of the doctor whether a man was too sick to work or not.

This note entitled the patient to receive eight piastres a day sick pay for the number of days stated on the note. This sick pay was given to enable a man to pay his rations during the time he was unable to work. The prisoner also had to show his note to the foreman where he worked. This entitled him to draw his bread and also save him from getting into trouble for being absent from work without permission. Belemelik was the only camp that gave sick pay.

There was a Turkish and a British doctor at Bore. Sick prisoners were seen every morning at nine o'clock. There was no hospital at Bore; any man sick enough for hospital had to go to Nidge, ten miles away; serious cases were usually taken in a cart.

At Gelebek there was a German doctor to look after the men of the military and a German and British doctor to look after those of the company. The hospital was a mile and a half from the working camps; it was owned and controlled by the company. The men of the military saw the doctor in the camp about nine o'clock, any very sick men being sent to the hospital.

The company men had to walk to the hospital to see the doctor, the worst cases being detained. Any men who were sick, but not sick enough for hospital, and any man discharged as a convalescent, received a note from the doctor for a few days rest; this note also entitled them to their rations, but they had to pay for their rations, sick or not.

There were two or three cases at Belemelik of a man when drawing his pay being told he had nothing to come, that he was in debt to the company for his rations.

At Afion Kara Hissar a British doctor used to visit the barracks every morning. Any man sick enough for hospital was sent to the Turkish hospital for treatment. The Turkish hospital had a bad name among the prisoners; no prisoner wanted to go there if possible. No British doctor was allowed near it.

While I was at Afion Kara Hissar there was an epidemic of influenza. I was on five burial parties, two Servians and three Britishers. Another burial party I was warned for, but did not go, was that of G. King. I was told afterwards by the man who took my place that the back of his head and shoulders were bruised and covered with blood as if he had been struck several times with a stick. He had gone into hospital with influenza.

At Belemelik and Gelebek there were baths, erected by the company, to which the prisoners could go. The latrines were deep holes dug in the ground and a floored hut put on top. When the hole was full, the hut was taken away and the hole covered over. There were no facilities for washing clothes and washing clothes was forbidden in the baths.

The only clothes we received in Turkey were from the American Ambassador and the Dutch and Spanish Consuls. They also sent money to the prisoners in the convalescent camps. I received from the Ambassador and Consuls while I was a prisoner about five suits of clothes, six suits of underclothing, five pairs of boots and four overcoats.

For about the last twelve months the clothes supplied to the working camp were of poor quality. The suits of clothes were of a sort of grey coloured loosely woven canvas, very poor wearing stuff, and the boots averaged about two months wear. Clothing seems to be very scarce and hard to get in Turkey.

The Turks did not give the prisoners any clothes or money, and the companies gave the prisoners nothing but work.

It was not until about October 8th that we had any idea of how big an advance the British troops had made in Palestine. We heard a few weeks before that they were advancing; we had also heard about the Allied advance in France, but how the prisoners first got hold of the news I cannot say.

On October 7th some Turkish civilians were sent to take the place of the British prisoners working in the power station at Belemelik. The next day the Commander told the British sergeant in charge that he would be sending the prisoners away in a few days' time. The first part of men to go – about forty – left the following day; two days later another party left, and two days after that another party. In a week all the British prisoners had left the Taurus and Amanus districts.

At Afion Kara Hissar we got hold of the news that the Turkish army had been utterly routed and Turkey was asking for peace terms. About the same time we heard that Bulgaria had signed an armistice. About the 17th October we had a medical inspection and all the weak and disabled men were picked out to go to Smyrna for exchange. We went to Smyrna in two parties at two days interval, the second party reaching there about the 24th. Altogether I think there were about four hundred.

On November 1st we left Turkey on the "Kanowna". While at Smyrna we heard that Turkey had signed the armistice.

Instead of feeling downhearted at the defeat of their troops the population of Turkey seemed to be more thankful that the war was finished. At Smyrna we were allowed to walk about the town and the population was very friendly.

The only men I am sure about are W. Knaggs, A.B. Submarine A.E.2, and W. Allen, 9th Battalion, A.I.F., both of whom died of fever at Belemelik. Also L. New, 15th Battalion, A.I.F., he was killed by a stone rolling down the hill side, crashing through the roof of the house and falling on him when asleep. He was buried at Belemelik.

All British prisoners' graves at Belemelik are marked with a wooden cross containing the man's name and regiment.

Also G.B. King, 9th Battalion, A.I.F., died at Afion Kara Hissar; grave not marked.

When in Constantinople in 1915 we were told by the interpreter that a piastre was equal to twopence in English money, and a livre was worth one hundred and eight piastres. About March and April 1916, Turkey called in the silver and nickel money and a couple of months later issued paper notes to take its place; these were notes issued of all values from one piastre upwards. The livre note was in circulation when I was taken prisoner, gold having been called in when the war started.

About June, Turkey dropped the value of the livre from one hundred and eight piastres to one hundred piastres. Six months after it was first issued paper money had declined in value to half its nominal value. By the end of 1917 gold coin was worth five times its value in notes; silver four times and nickel three times its value.

All men working on the line were paid in notes; also the money sent to prisoners by the Ambassador and Consuls and any money sent to the prisoners from England and Australia was paid in notes. If a sovereign was sent from England to a prisoner he would only receive three shillings and four pence (a livre in paper). The value of a livre note was two kilogrammes of bread."

Certified true copy. (Signature illegible) Captain, OIC Records Australian Headquarters (Egypt)



Allied prisoners of war in Belededik Camp, Turkey.

This photo, part of the Australian War Memorial collection, was taken at Belededik about September 1917.

It is doubtful that Beattie is in the photo, because early September 1917 he was at the convalescent camp at Bore, and on 23rd September he was moved to Gelebek.

The June edition of Progenitor will conclude with details of Beattie's life after he was repatriated to Australia.

Also, if you have any knowledge of the other ships, tugs or paddle steamers mentioned, I would love to hear about them too.

About the author:

Bruce is semi-retired and a writer and maker of community mini-documentaries. He is passionate about history and helping tell peoples stories. Bruce grew up hearing family stories about Australian history, lighthouses, ships and many other things. He wants to maintain that story-telling tradition.

He spent two years working as a deck-hand in the fishing industry in Bass Strait, where he developed a personal passion and knowledge of both the maritime and marine world. His wife Fiona tolerates his obsession with history and is a keen amateur marine biologist, so visits to the coast are always busy and interesting.

Contact details:

Bruce Cumming

Bruce.cumming1@bigpond.com

03 57981680 (AH) 0419 540 552 (BH)

1868 Shepparton-Violet Town Road, Tamleugh, Vic. 3669

Facebook: [bruce.cumming.395@facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com/bruce.cumming.395)

LinkedIn: <http://au.linkedin.com/pub/bruce-cumming/14/712/1b0/>

Youtube: Search for Bruce Cumming, or Bruce Cumming videodocs

The Territory's first and only Gallipoli prisoner

By Judy Boland

2015 marked the centenary of the Gallipoli campaign, and the centenary of the capture of Private John Irving Beattie No 1827, 15th Battalion, Australian Infantry Forces, the only Territorian captured during that campaign.

Pte Beattie, known as Jack to his friends, had been employed as a Ganger by the Commonwealth Railways in Darwin. On 4th March 1915 Jack Beattie left Darwin per SS *Taiyuen* to volunteer. Travelling with him were Neil Boyle, JT Johnson, LP Wetherby, RW Stirling, PC Reaby, CB Dickenson, Jas McDonald, G Classen, J Bradley.

On 8th August 1915, Private John Beattie No 1827, 15th Battalion, Australian Infantry Forces, was captured during the opening stages of the Battle for Lone Pine, when his Battalion was ordered to mount an attack on Hill 971.

During his time overseas, both before and after capture, Beattie corresponded with friends in Darwin who arranged for his letters to be published in the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*.

John Irving Beattie was born on 7 August in Liverpool UK to William Henry Beattie and Margaret Ann Beattie who lived at 24 Bessemer Street, Toxteth Park Lancashire UK. At some stage prior to the 1901 Census, the family moved to 38 Haylock Street, Toxteth Park. The Census records that Beattie's father William, a Corporation labourer, was aged 36, his mother Margaret Ann 35 and Beattie had an older sister Frances Ellen aged 13, while Beattie was aged 11; his brother James was aged 9; and younger sisters, Margaret Ann aged 6, Elizabeth aged 4, and baby Emily aged 6 months.

Toxteth Park is an inner-city part of Liverpool and is located to the south of the central business district and runs down to the wharves and docks of the River Mersey. The area is traditionally working class, with housing being mostly terraced; although in recent times, many of the terraced buildings are being pulled down to make room for more modern development. In Jack Beattie's time, and indeed right up to recent times, the children of the area spent most of their time playing in the streets.

Life for the Beattie family would have been hard, so it is no surprise to find that twelve-year-old Jack, lured no doubt by the pageantry and glamour of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment Volunteers, as they marched to the wharves for embarkation for the Anglo-Boer War (Second Boer War 1899-1902), decided to join them.



The Glamour



The Reality

The British Army at the time of the Boer War accepted boys who commonly served as musicians at first, such as drummer boys and buglers. There were also messengers and Officers' servants.

At the time of the Boer War, the lower age limit for overseas service was 14 years, although boys could enlist at a younger age. Jack's real age and date of birth are recorded in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment's archival records at the National Archives Centre, Kew UK, so he obviously did not lie about his age. A great deal of information on British boy soldiers can be found AW Cockerill's 1984 book *Sons of the Brave*.

Boys have had a place in the British Armed Forces since well before the formation of the New Model Army by Cromwell in the mid-1600s. Until well into the 19th century, western armies recruited young boys to act as drummers. The drums were an important part of the battlefield communications system, with various drum rolls used to signal different commands from officers to troops. Although there were usually official age limits, these were often ignored; the youngest boys were sometimes treated as mascots by the adult soldiers. The life of a drummer boy appeared rather glamorous and as a result, boys would sometimes run away from home to enlist. The image of a small child in the midst of battle was seen as deeply poignant by 19th-century artists, and idealised boy drummers were frequently depicted in paintings, sculpture and poetry.

Whether Jack enlisted with his parents' blessing, or ran away from home to join is unknown at this stage, however he served three years with the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. During his time with the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, No 3278 Beattie, J. Private, 6th Battalion was posted to South Africa where he saw service in Eastern Transvaal in 1901. In 1902 he is recorded as being present at battles in Natal. For his South African service, Beattie was awarded the Queen's South Africa Medal with Clasps. To be awarded this medal and clasp, an individual had to be present in the area at the time of the battle.

Beattie's term of engagement with the King's expired in 1903, and little is known of his life from the time of his discharge until he arrived in Australia.

In 1905 a "Mr Beattie" arrived in Melbourne from a British Port, and while it might seem incredulous that the 16 year-old Jack had arrived unaccompanied into Australia, Beattie himself claimed in a letter dated 12 May 1927 to the Repatriation Department that he had been employed cutting Karri in the south-west of Western Australia in 1907 and 1908.

Somewhere between leaving home in 1901 with the King's (Liverpool) Regiment and his life 'cutting Karri in Western Australia' Beattie absorbed social skills which were to stand him in good stead in later life.

The Southern Times (Bunbury WA) records that on 1 January 1912, Beattie performed at the initial concert of the Collie Caledonian Society at the Collie Mechanics Institute on New Year's Night. He sang *Where the Shannon flows*, and was accorded a good reception. In the second part of the program he sang "Scotland yet and as an encore *Bessie Lee* was rendered by special request".

Three months later, Beattie left for the Eastern States on the *SS Kanowna* which sailed from Freemantle on 16 March 1912.

The Northern Territory at the time of Beattie's departure from Perth, was booming as the Commonwealth had assumed control from South Australia. Great development plans and schemes to attract settlers were being initiated by the surveying of land and the establishment of farms, particularly in the Daly River area. This attracted workers by the creation of public works on infrastructure projects such as the Railway Extension further down the track which would allow embryonic farms to get produce to Darwin and so to southern markets, and Lord Vestey too, had visited Darwin and chosen a site to establish his Meat-works which would process all the cattle settlers could produce.

It was only natural that a young man such as Beattie would be drawn to the North, where he obtained work as a Ganger on the North Australian Railways. *The Northern Territory Times and Gazette* records Beattie arriving per *SS Taiyuan* from Melbourne on 26 November 1914. No earlier arrival date has yet been found.

Barely six weeks after his arrival, Jack Beattie is recorded as having spoken at "the Farewell to Dr Maplestone who was off to enlist". It is somewhat surprising that Beattie would have been making a speech honouring a man he had only known for six weeks.

By 4 March 1915, Beattie too was off to enlist. Travelling with him on the *SS Taiyuan* were Neil Boyle, JT Johnstone, LP Wetherby, RW Stirling, PC Reaby, CB Dickenson, Jas McDonald, G Classen and J. Bradley.

Ever the entertainer, we learn that Beattie participated in a 'mock trial' on board *SS Taiyuan* as it travelled across the top of Australia to Townsville where he enlisted on 11 March, giving his age as 25 years 6 months and his occupation as Miner. He was allocated Regimental Number 1827 and attached to B Coy, 15th Battalion AIF.

On 8 April 1915, Beattie embarked on *HMAT A15 'Star of England'*, sailing from Brisbane for overseas service.

On 12 July 1915, Beattie wrote to his friend Peter Mills of Darwin, that he was with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force and on Gallipoli. In his letter, Beattie said that they (the soldiers) were working much harder than when they were on 'civvy street'. Mills had Beattie's letter published in the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette*.

There is a Mills listed as a Chainman in GC Chapman's Survey Party which was working on the Daly on 3 June 1913. Mills is also mentioned as an Axeman in Chapman's Survey Party which was working from the Daly River to the Brock's Creek Road on 10 January 1914. Mills' action in publishing Beattie's letter in the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* was akin to a post on Facebook today.

On 8 August 1915, a 4th Brigade Major reported that Beattie had been wounded in action and captured, whilst Lieut. TP Chataway in his *History of 15 Battalion* writes "Lt. Stormonth altered track to follow orders. They crashed across the crest of the ridge to the reverse slope. There to his astonishment he found the ground sloping away at a steep angle. Stormonth and his men crashed some 20 to 30 feet to the bottom of the gully where he and his men lay insensible". The 4th Brigade withdrew and the group of 17 was captured. Beattie is named on page 88 of the Battalion's History as one of six who survived from the group of 17.

On 22 August 1915 Beattie wrote from Constantinople Turkey to Peter Mills in Darwin, whom the *NT Times and Gazette* described as being with Williams' Survey Camp. In his letter, Beattie said that he had been captured about a week; that there were 100 English POWs, mostly Territorials, and about 15-16 Australian and New Zealanders.

Taken into custody, Beattie was put to work on the Anatolian Railways. As a POW he was allowed to write only a limited number of four-line letters, some of which were sent to friends in Darwin who then passed them on to the *NT Times and Gazette* for publication.

In June 1916, the *NT Times and Gazette* published another short letter from Beattie, dated 20 December 1915. In it Beattie again writes to Mills from Kangeri (Turkey) saying "things are grim. US Ambassador has provided some clothes and a little money".

On 4th January 1916, Beattie writes again to Mills from Kangeri that he has been able to purchase some flour and raisins (obviously from the benevolence of the US Ambassador), and on 18 January again in a letter to Peter Mills, Beattie describes a football match between the prisoners.

In August 1916, Beattie contracted Malaria and spent time "in a Turkish hospital suffering from the tremors of the disease".

On 28 November 1918 Beattie, after release from Turkish incarceration, was admitted to No 14 General Hospital, AIF in Egypt.

From 18 December 1916 to 26 August 1918, the Australian Red Cross files lists nine letters to and from Beattie to a "Miss C" and a Miss Isabella Mills of Dundee". All refer to food, money, tobacco and cigarettes being sent to him. His letters indicate that he did not receive them.

Beattie's account of his time as a prisoner of the Ottoman Army has been detailed in previous editions of *Progenitor*.



The Queen's South Africa Medal (QSA) is a British campaign medal which was awarded to British and Colonial military personnel, civilians employed in official capacity and war correspondents who served in the Second Boer War in South Africa between 11 October 1899 and 31 May 1902. Altogether twenty-six clasps were awarded to recipients of the Queen's South Africa Medal, to indicate particular actions and campaigns of the Second Boer War.

The QSA was mainly issued in silver but in bronze to Indian recipients.

The March 2017 edition of *Progenitor* will focus on Beattie's life after his return to Australia in 1919.

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